

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL... WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME BACK! RIGHT TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! GET A GOOD SHIP ON YOURSELF! SIT BACK AND RELAX... AND I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER TALE DESIGNED TO SHOCK YOU. TO REASSURE YOU! THIS TALE FROM MY COLLECTION IS CALLED...

DEATH MUST COME!



ECOSTEIN

ANOTHER
ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSE STORY!

MY STORY BEGINS IN A LONELY OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF A SMALL TOWN. OUTSIDE, NIGHT IS FALLING.

HENRY! YOU DID MY MESSAGE? THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! ANOTHER DAY AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!

BUT, FREDERICK! IT HAS BEEN ONE FIVE YEARS THIS TIME...



YES! BUT MY BONES ARE BEGINNING TO ACHES... AND THE PAINS IN MY BACK... ARE GETTING STRONGER! I MUST HAVE ANOTHER OPERATION TOMORROW!

OH, I'M TIRED FROM SITTING! LET ME SIT DOWN FOR A WHILE!



YES, HERE? SIT DOWN! IT IS TOO EARLY TO START OUT, ANYWAY!

YOU LOOK EXACTLY THE SAME, FREDERICK! EXACTLY AS YOU LOOKED THAT NIGHT ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO...



I REMEMBER IT AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY! WE WERE BOTH TWENTY-FIVE YEARS... AMBITIOUS... FULL OF LIFE! REMEMBER? IT WAS IN VIENNA! TWO YOUNG STRUGGLING SCIENTISTS... WITH AN IDEA! THEN... IF OUR EXPERIMENTS ARE CORRECT... HENRY... AND WHAT WE HAVE PROVEN ABOUT THIS ISLAND IS TRUE, WE HAVE SOLVED THE RAPIDLY PROBLEM OF THE AGING OF A HUMAN BODY! THINK WHAT IT CAN MEAN!

ETERNAL LIFE! REPLACING THE ISLAND WITH A YOUNGER ONE CAN MEAN ARRESTING OLD AGE!



WE MUST PROVE IT, HENRY! WE MUST TRY IT ON OURSELVES!

NO, DON'T! MY OLD FREDERICK! I DON'T WANT ETERNAL LIFE! I WANT TO KNOW OLD AND DIE WHEN MY TIME COMES!



YOU'RE A FOOL, HENRY! THINK OF IT! YOU CAN LOOK AS YOU LOOK TODAY! FIFTY... A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW! I WANT IT, EVEN IF YOU DON'T! YOU WILL PERFORM THE OPERATION ON ME! WE OWE IT TO SCIENCE, TO THE WORLD!



AS YOU WISH, FREDERICK! HERE? IN ANYWHERE CAN WE SET A POWER ALARM? WHERE? WHEN? WILL WE FIND ONE?



ALYES, FREDERICK, I REMEMBER WELL! THE PAPER TOLD OF A YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT'S UNTIMELY DEATH! OUR EXPERIMENTS HAD PROVEN THAT THE GLAND REMAINED ACTIVE AFTER SUDDEN DEATH FOR 48 HOURS! THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO THE CEMETERY AND EXHUMED THE STILL-WARM CORPSE.



QUIET! WE MUST NOT BE CAUGHT!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, FREDERICK! I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL!

AND IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THAT MORNING, I REMOVED YOUR GLAND... AND SUBSTITUTED THAT OF AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD BOY IN ITS PLACE...



IT IS OVER, FREDERICK! THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

A LITTLE SICK FROM THE ANESTHETIC BUT ALL RIGHT!

THAT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO! TWENTY YEARS LATER, I WAS OVER FORTY FIVE... YOU SENT FOR ME! WHAT A SHOCK TO SEE YOU... STILL YOUNG... STILL FULL OF YOUTH!



AMAZING, FREDERICK! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BENNY! SIT DOWN!



WHY DID YOU SEND FOR ME, FREDERICK?

IT... IT'S MY GLANDS... LOOK! THEY'RE BEGINNING TO SHOW SIGNS OF WEAKENING...



BUT, OF COURSE! THAT GLAND WE REPLACED... IT IS GROWING WEAK. IT IS NO LONGER SECRETING THE FLUID THAT DISOLVES THE BODY WATERS.

THEN... YOU MEANT YOU'D BEGIN TO GROW OLD, NO? NOT!



WE MUST REPLACE IT... WITH A YOUNG, STRONG GLAND! WE MUST CONTINUE WITH THE EXPERIMENT! WE MUST!

AND THE GLAND... YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET ONE...



YES... HERE! THE CENTURY COLUMN! ANOTHER YOUTH DEAD! WE STILL HAVE TIME... FOREVER!... TO REMOVE THE GLAND IN GOOD CONDITION!

THIS IS BROWN! ALL BROWN!

WHAT HAD HE DONE? HE'S DEAD, ISN'T HE? COME! WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

YES, FREDERICK!



AND SO AGAIN HE WENT TO A CEMETERY... JUST AS HE HAD THAT FIRST TIME...

THE COFFIN! YOU'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN!

GIVE ME THE SHIRT! I'LL WRAP THE BODY IN IT!



AND AGAIN I PERFORMED THE OPERATION... SUCCESSFULLY! THE YOUTH WAS A GOOD SPECIMEN... NINETEEN! HE HAD BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK... BUT THE BLAND WAS UNHARMED...

THEN YOU WENT TO AMERICA... AND SHORTLY AFTER, AN OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF, AND I FOLLOWED ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE SECOND OPERATION... I RECEIVED A LETTER!

AT FIRST, I DID NOT WANT TO GO! I WAS ALMOST SIXTY! WHAT WOULD I FIND? THE SAME YOUNG, HANDSOME BOY I HAD KNOWN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE? SURELY, MY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF ME, AND I AGREE!



THERE! IT IS DONE!



HENRY! I MUST TELL YOU! COME AT ONCE! ANOTHER OPERATION IS IMPERATIVE! FREDERICK!



FREDERICK! IT CAN'T BE! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

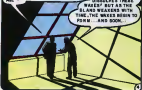
YES, HENRY! IT IS ME! STILL YOUNG! STILL FRESH!

AH! AREN'T YOU SORRY, NOW, THAT YOU DIDN'T CONSENT TO A MORE WAS EXPERIMENT?

PORRAPH? PERHAPS NOT? I DO NOT KNOW! ANYWAY, THAT IS OF NO MATTER! WHAT CONCERNS ME IS NOW! YOU SAY ANOTHER OPERATION IS NECESSARY?

YES! THE WAXES ARE FORMING AGAIN! YOU KNOW THAT ACCORDING TO OUR CALCULATIONS, IT IS THESE WAXES THAT STOP OTHER BLAMES FROM OPERATING CORRECTLY, THEREBY BRINGING ON A BREAKDOWN OF TISSUE, AND "OLD-AGE"!

YES, AND THAT THE ISLAND LOCATED ON THE SPLEEN SECRETES A FLUID WHICH IN YOUTH, DISSOLVES THESE WAXES! BUT AS THE ISLAND WEAKENS WITH TIME, THE WAXES BEGIN TO FORM... AND SOON...



EASIER! WELL, THE SLAND HAS
WEIGHED. IT *WOULD* BE
REPLACED? HENRY, IT MUST
BE REPLACED *TOMORROW*!

FREDERICK? HOW
LONG DO YOU
INTEND TO KEEP
THIS UP?



UNTIL I AM SEVENTY. OR
EIGHTY? THEN WE WILL
TELL THE WORLD!

I WAS NOT BE HERE BY
THEN, FREDERICK? WHY
NOT TELL... *NOW*?



WE'LL SEE, HENRY! BUT NOW...
WE HAVE WORK TO DO.



"AND SO, FOR THE THIRD TIME, WE
WENT TO A GEMETERY... REMOVED
THE BODY...



"... AND I PERFORMED ANOTHER OPER-
ATION! THIS TIME, IT WAS A TWENTY-
TWO YEAR OLD MAN! HE HAD BEEN
KILLED IN A BRAWL...



"AFTER YOUR RECOVERY, THE CONVERSATION ABOUT
PUBLISHING A REPORT WAS FORGOTTEN... AND I WENT
AWAY! BUT *TEN YEARS LATER* YOU SENT FOR ME
AGAIN!"



SO SOON, FREDERICK?
SO SOON?

THE SLAND MUST WORK
MUCH HARDER NOW? IT
CANNOT LAST AS LONG!

FREDERICK? I AM
ALMOST *SEVENTY*?

YOU CAN DO IT, HENRY? YOU'VE
DONE IT THREE TIMES BEFORE!



AND SO, FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN FORTY-FIVE YEARS, HE WENT AGAIN TO A CEMETERY AND REMOVED A BODY NOT YET COOL IN DEATH...

I CANNOT HELP YOU, FREDERICK!
I WANTED BLS TO DO THIS

JUST HOLD THE
LIGHT, HENRY! I
AM STRONG, I WILL
MANAGE IT ALONE!



AND THAT SAME NIGHT...

USE A LOCAL ANESTHETIC,
I WANT TO WATCH IN THAT
MIRROR ON THE CEILING!

AS YOU WISH,
FREDERICK!



AND AFTER YOUR RECOVERY, FIVE
YEARS AGO, WE PARTIED! AND NOW
YOU SEND FOR ME AGAIN! CAN'T YOU
SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING,
FREDERICK?



YES, HENRY! THE
TIME BETWEEN
OPERATIONS IS
GROWING SHORTER!



AND THIS WILL
CONTINUE UNTIL
YOU WILL NEED A
NEW CLAMP EVERY
YEAR... EVERY
MONTH... EVERY
YEAR!

NO, IT WILL NEVER
COME TO THAT!
PERHAPS A
YOUNGER CLAMP
A DAYLIFE?



I CANNOT
DO OR,
FREDERICK!
I REFUSE!

YOU MUST!!
YOU MUST!!

NO! I REFUSE! I WILL NOT
PERFORM THE OPERATION
AGAIN!



DISORDERING OLD PEOPLE?

ORDER?





YOU... YOU STRUCK... ME...
BASP... YOU... FREDERICK?
MY HEART!

HEARTY!



HE... HE'S DEAD!
WHAT WILL I DO?
WHAT WILL I DO NOW?



I'M GROWING OLDER RAPIDLY THE
FARER... I... I DON'T DON'T DO UP A
BRAIN-ACON? I... I HAVEN'T THE
STRENGTH! I MUST THINK OF
SOMETHING!

WELL, DEAR HEARTY! OLD... EH... THAT ISN'T YEARS...
FREDERICK IS IN A MESS NOW! HE NEEDS A YOUNG YOUNG
VIRILE SPECIMEN... BUT QUICKLY!

HELLO... PORTAL UNION! I WANT TO SEND A
TELEGRAM... JURGEL... TO FREDERICK CARTON...



GLADLY, THERE IS NOBILITY? SENDING A TELEGRAM TO
HIMSELF... THAT WILL BRING A YOUNG MESSAGE TO HIS
HOME...

WHEN HE GETS HERE, THIS MAN BORNS IN CHILD-
FORM OVER HIS NOSE AND MOUTH WILL TAKE CARE OF
HIM! HURRY! HURRY! I'M ASKING FASTER NOW!



... SHARP PAINS SHOOT THROUGH FREDERICK CARTON AS
HE WANTS! WRINKLES BEGAN TO APPEAR IN HIS SKIN! HE
FACED HIS HANDS... AND THEN... THE CORRELL...

YES?

TELEGRAM FOR FREDERICK
CARTON! I...



WRRP...??

HEH... HEH... THIS WAS TOO
EASY! NOW ILL GIVE HIM A
HYPO TO KILL HIM!



CAREFULLY, FREDERICK PREPARES FOR THE OPERATION. IT WILL BE TIGHT... THE LOCAL ANESTHETIC... THE REMOVAL OF THE GLAND... AND THEN... OPERATE UPON HIMSELF.

...BUT... IT HAS TO BE DONE!



...AND THEN... AS THE SCULPTOR LAYS BARE THE PLACE WHERE THE GLAND IS LOCATED...

NO! NO! NO!

AAAAAAH!



SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED, FREDERICK STAGGERS FROM THE LABORATORY. THERE IS NO HOPE NOW!

GASP! GASP!



OLD MAN! THE FLESH DRAGS TIGHT OVER HIS BONES... THE HAIR GRAYS... THE EYES REDDEN... THE FINGERS SNAP...



WEARILY, HE SINKS TO THE STOPS. HIS BODY BENT AND OLD... HIS FEATURES DISTORTED, UGLY... WRINKLED... WITHERED...



A FINAL SCREAM... AND THEN SILENCE! THE DEEP SILENCE OF DEATH...



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! FREDERICK FINALLY DID DIE, AN OLD MAN WHO KNOWS THE NIGHT HAVE LIVED LONGER IF HE HADN'T CRAVED ETERNAL LIFE! OR... BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT FREDDY SAW WHEN HE... OH... OPENED UP... THAT MESSENGER? WELL... HE FOUND *ADAMANT*! IT SEEMS THAT PART OF THE BOY'S SPLEEN HAD BEEN REMOVED - THE PART WITH THE GLAND! SEEING THAT SAVED OLD FREDDY THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE! WELL... I'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE WITH ANOTHER TALE FROM THE

THE CRYPT OF TERROR!
BE SURE AND COME, WON'T YOU?

IF YOU LIKE OUR TYPE OF STORY... WILL YOU WRITE AND TELL, MR. Russ Cochran, P.O. Box 468, West Plains, MO 65775

OUT OF THE DARK NIGHT HE WALKED, HIS HANDS TRAINED IN THE ART OF KILLING, HIS BRAIN A SEETHING FERMENT OF DESTRUCTION! HIS EYES SAW LIFE, AND HIS HEART LOVED THE GRAVE, FOR HE WAS---

"THE MAN WHO WAS DEATH"



EDGAR BOWMAN WAS THE EXECUTIONER AT STATE'S PRISON. HIS HANDS WERE DEFT WITH GAF AND BRACES, BUT HIS HEART SEEMED FORMED OF STONE...

EVERYTHING'S READY, BOON. THEY WILL BRING HIM IN HERE, SNIVELLING AND WEEPING!



NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I DON'T WANT TO... DIE! I'M SCARED! SCARED!

HE DIDN'T THINK OF THIS WHEN HE WAS KILLING HIS BROTHER!



EDGAR BOWMAN WAS A CAREFUL WORKMAN--HE CHECKED HIS SWITCHES AND HIS WIRES CAREFULLY, EVEN AS THE SCREAMING GUNMAN WAS CASTING TO THE CHAIR.

AAAAAAAAHHH! NO, NO! I'LL DO ANYTHING! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! I DON'T KNOW...IT WOULD BE LIKE-- FARE?



THE EXECUTIONER MOVED HIS HAND DOWNWARD WITH A DEFT MOTION OF HIS WRIST, ALL OVER THE PRISON. THE CELL BLOCK LIGHTS DIMMED.

HE'S BETTER--HIS?

SO LOW, FELLA...



AFTER EACH DEATH, EDGAR BOWMAN WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT, WALKING WITH HEAD LOW, HIS SOUL, EXULTING.

HE WAS A BAD MAN--HE WAS THE PENALTY AND I--I WAS FATE'S INSTRUMENT TO BRING HIM TO HIS DOOM.



DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.

ENDLESS WHACKS, EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM I THOUGHT THIS ONE WOULD BE DIFFERENT. SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE COLD--IMMUNANT BUT SHE YELLS JUST LIKE THE REST!

AAAAAAAAHHH!



SHE YELLED--AND SO SHE DIED?



THAT BUT JUST LOVE'S HIS WORK, DOESN'T HE?

I'LL SAY IT WOULDN'T TAKE IT ON A BET--BUT HE GETS FANGLED ON ACCOUNT OF IT!



EDGAR BOWMAN'S FAME SPREAD TO NEARBY STATES. PRISONS SENT HIM INVITATIONS TO ATTEND THEIR EXECUTIONS AS GUEST OF HONOR...



IN THIS STATE WE HAVE A GAS CHAMBER WOULD YOU CARE TO RELEASE THE BAIT?

I CERTAINLY WOULD, BUT IT WILL BE A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR ME!



HMM... HANGING IS THE METHOD IN THIS STATEMENT?

IT IS? QUICK AND SURE? CARE TO PRESS THE ROPE RELEASE?

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, THE NAME OF EDGAR BOWMAN BECAME KNOWN. HE WAS A SYMBOL OF JUSTICE? HIS HANDS WERE QUICK AND CERTAIN. HE KILLED CALMLY, QUICKLY! WITH HIM, DEATH WAS A SERVANT TO HIS DESIRES! HE WENT ON THE RADIO, ON TELEVISION...



AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE OF THE STATE PRISON...



NOTHING MUCH DOING FOR YOU, EDGART? NEWS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN REMARKING THEMSELVES LATELY, NO DEATH PENALTIES AT ALL?

THAT WON'T KEEP UP. THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE GOING OFF THEIR TROLLEY! I'M NOT WORRIED!

BUT AS THE DAYS WENT BY...



CARPER JONES--NOT GUILTY? ARTHUR BOWAN--NOT GUILTY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE JONES, ANYHOW?

NOT GUILTY? NOT GUILTY? TEN MURDERERS IN AS MANY WEEKS--AND ALL OF THEM SET FREE? POOLS? THAT'S WHAT THOSE JONES CONSIST OF--POOLS? WELL, I'M NO POOL!



I KNOW THEY'RE GUILTY!

DEAD BY EXECUTION? IT WAS A
SIMPLE MATTER TO RIG UP MY WIRES
SO I COULD FLOOD THAT METAL GATE
WITH ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO KILL
A COUPLE MURDERERS?



HE IS ONLY THE FIRST/THERE
ARE MANY OTHERS THAT DE-
SERVE TO DIE—AND WILL!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN A LITTLE SPORTS CAFE,
ARTHUR BOWMAN PREPARED FOR BED...



THINK I'LL TAKE A NICE
WARM SHOWER! IT'LL HELP
ME SLEEP... LET ME FORGET
MY MURDER THING...

SAFE...SAFE AT LAST, AFTER ALL THOSE
MONTHS OF WORRY? I DON'T KNOW WHO
KILLED JIM—BUT I DON'T! AND THANK
GOODNESS...THE JURY BELIEVED ME!



BOOOOOOOOOOO!



DEAD? ONE MORE HAS PAID THE
SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS EVIL!
BUT THERE ARE OTHERS... MANY
OTHERS FREED FROM THEIR FATE
BY A STUPID JURY...



TWO HAVE DIED! BECAUSE
FLOOD WAS FREED BY A JURY!
I WAS THERE MYSELF TO HEAR
THE TESTIMONY IN HIS CASE!
BUT HE SHALL NOT ELUDE
JUSTICE!



IT WAS ON A WILD AND STORMY NIGHT THAT GEORGE FLOOD CLOSED HIS ACCOUNT BOOKS AND WALKED TOWARD HIS LITTLE SUBURBAN HOME.



I GUESS I'M JUST ABOUT THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.



HERE COMES THE HANGMAN NOW!

A SNIP OF WIRE CUTTERS IN REAR TIGHT-GLOVED HANDS—



WHEN THIS LIVE WIRE TOUCHED FLOOD—IN HIS RAIN-WET CLOTHING--IT WILL BE JUST AS EFFECTIVE AS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR HE CREATED!



AAAAGGGHH!



DEATH FOR THE WICKED? HE CREATED DEATH ONCE, BUT IT HAS CLAIMED HIM FOREVER! HE WILL NOT KILL AGAIN!



IN THE POLICE STATIONS, HARD-BOILED DETECTIVES ARE GATHERING TO DISCUSS THE "ELECTRIC DEATH".

EVERYONE'S BEEN KILLED BY ELECTRICITY! GEE, ISN'T IT?

A JURY SAID THEM ALL, YET FATE CONSPIRED TO EXECUTE THEM AFTER ALL!

I'M NOT SO SURE IT WAS FATE! I THINK IT WAS—A MAN!





MAYBE I'M WRONG--BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! WATCH BETTY BATES? A JURY PLEDGED HER A MORTH APO. IF A MAN IS OUT TO KILL HER--HE'LL TRY SOON!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL GUARD HER RIGHT AND OXY...



NEXT DAY, A PLAINCLOTHESMAN TOOK UP HIS POSITION, ALWAYS WITH HIS EYES FASTENED ON THE FORMER PRISONER OF THE LAW.

THAT MAN WITH THE NEWSPAPER IS A DETECTIVE I'VE SEEN HIM AT THE BIG HOUSE LOADS OF TIMES!



THIS EXECUTION WILL HAVE TO BE MY MASTERPIECE! THE POLICE WILL TRY TO STOP ME, BUT I MUST NOT LET THEM! HMMM... THIS WILL REQUIRE SOME THOUGHT...

ON A WIND-SWEPT, STORMY NIGHT SOME WEEKS LATER, BETTY BATES LEAVED HER OFFICE, WAITING FOR HER IS A GUY, DARK AND FIGURE...



I'LL BE HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS--A QUICK LEAP AND THEN TO LIFT HER INTO THE WOODEN WATER TROUGH--WHERE HIGH VOLTAGE WIRES WILL ELECTROCUTE HER!

BUT EVEN AS THE EXECUTIONER LEAPED FORWARD, HIDDEN BY DARKNESS AND THE SHADOWS, A BRILLIANT BOAT OF ELECTRICITY--~~LIGHTNING~~--LIT UP THE SCENE LIKE A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT!



LOOK OUT! THERE'S A MAN THERE!

electric?



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT LIGHTNING...I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN HIM. UNTIL AFTER HE'D LIFTED MISS BATES...AND TOSSED HER IN THAT ELECTRICALLY TREATED WATER!

SOME MONTHS LATER, IN THE BIG HOUSE, A SCREAMING MAN WAS DROPPED TOWARD THE ELECTRIC GUARD! THERE WAS FRIGHT IN HIS PALLID FEATURES, FEAR IN HIS WRITHING MOUTH...



I--I'M SCARED! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! NO...NOT STOP... STOP...AAAAAHHH!

ALIBI...ON ICE!

Snow Trooper Mark Holliday looked down at the body stretched in the snow at his feet. The man had evidently been skiing down treacherous Harpin Turn . . . had momentarily lost control of his skis . . . and had crashed head-on into the gnarled old tree which poked its tremendous girth up out of the snow and ice around it!

"I can't imagine how in the world it could have happened," mumbled the giant of a man standing at the Trooper's elbow. "This turn on the ski slope has a bad reputation. I know . . . but still . . . he claimed to be an **EXPERT** skier! Awful bad **ACCIDENT**!"

Trooper Holliday nodded almost unconsciously to the tall man's speech. Funny thing, he mused. An **EXPERT** skier, this Jack Benson says . . . and yet the man can't stop himself short of such an obvious obstacle as this old tree!

"I just happened to be looking out of the window of the Inn when I saw this guy go shooting down the hill," big Jack Benson was saying, his large St. Bernard's eyes roving over the landscape. "Sure happened sudden . . . an awful tragedy . . . accident like that!"

Trooper Holliday looked down at the dead man. His eyes roved over the figure . . . moved on to the trunk of the tree . . . and then crossed back to the spot where towering Jack Benson

stood, his feet stamping against the snow to keep his toes warm.

"YOU do much skiing, Benson?" asked Holliday. "See any other accidents like the one in all the time you've spent that run up there on the hill?"

Benson's eyes squinted at the State Trooper before he answered. "Can't say as I have. Other . . . first kind like **THIS**!"

Trooper Holliday rubbed his chin, let his hand rest momentarily under his coat. When he brought it out, the fingers were gripped tight around his revolver.

"You better put your hands up, Benson . . . we've got a trip to make to Headquarters!"

Benson started to sputter his innocence, but one look from the Trooper quieted him. "Couple of things don't look like accidents to ME! The bark of the tree where the victim was supposed to crash, for instance," and the Trooper. "If you look closely you'll find it isn't even peeled . . . and yet the man was supposed to hit it hard enough to crack his skull! And his clothing . . . got too much on him, especially for an expert skier! But what points the finger at **YOU**," and the Trooper, as he steered Benson down the snow-covered hillside, "are these skis! The man on the ground is less than five-and-a-half feet tall . . . and these skis are long enough for a giant! A Giant like **YOU**!"

CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER EXTRA

I have a question that has puzzled me for a while now. I wasn't around in the early 50's, but I have a few original Tales from the Crypt comics and I noticed inside the front cover of them at the bottom it says that "Tales From The Crypt" was formerly "The Crypt of Terror." I have the last "Tales From The Crypt" which was #48 and inside there is an article that says E.C. was not planning to make a #48. Instead they were going to make #45 the last and make a fourth title called "The Crypt of Terror," but because the comic companies felt Tales, Vault and Haunt were a "bad influence" on kids . . . they made a Crypt #48 and ended the 3 titles. What I would like to know is was there ever a "Crypt of Terror" and if not why did they print that "Tales" was formerly "The Crypt of Terror?"

Sincerely,
Tales From The Crypt's
#1 Fan,
Robert Bonneau
Staten Island NY

EC started a life called INTERNATIONAL COMICS in that with an issue #1. This title was changed later to INTERNATIONAL (Giant PRINTING, and, later, to CHASE PAPER), but the numbering stayed to continue. When the New Trend was launched, that would have been CHASE PAPER, #17 became CRYPT OF TERROR #17. This was actually the first issue of CRYPT, then, despite the lower number. With the fourth issue of CRYPT, the title was changed to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, it's this name which was used for the longest time and under which the comic really ran for stories.

Near the end of the New Trend period, EC was on the verge of starting a KODAK horror line, and would have recommenced the name CRYPT OF TERROR for it. That is the comic mentioned in the first issues of CRYPT, HAUNT and BLOOD and illustrated in a famous house ad.

However, EC decided to jump the whole New Trend thing and soon released the New CHASE comic instead. Material and editorial, the contents of the advertised THE CRYPT OF TERROR #1 of 1956 was published as the "MAD" and first issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT.



ABOVE IS THE COVER OF "CRYPT #1" (CRYPT OF TERROR #17, 1956) AS IT APPEARED UPON ORIGINAL RELEASE.

TELL-TALE MARKS!

Master Coming picked up the telephone and called the Police station. While he held the phone, waiting for the connection to be made, he let his eye rove around the room. He could breathe a little more easily now, he thought to himself, his eye resting for one moment on the trophy case with the metal plate screwed to its top. Matthew Coming, Curator was inscribed in black on the bronze strip.

"Is this the Police station?" he asked the voice on the other end of the line. "This is Matthew Coming, Curator over at the Mid-town Museum and Zoo. I'm afraid there's been a little trouble over here. I think we'll need your assistance!" Coming reached across the desk as he spoke and picked up a vial which contained an oily liquid. He cleared his throat, rolled the vial between his fingers. "The trouble took place just ten minutes ago . . . over in the Snake cage! A man who once worked here wandered in . . . evidently poked around! And now . . . we've got a corpse on our hands!"

It had gone off precisely as he had planned it, Coming thought to himself as he dropped the vial into his coat pocket. That meddlesome Smith had come back today as he had promised. All set to tell the authorities about that bit of trouble Coming had with the low years

below. Unless, of course, Coming could make it worth his while to be quiet about the episode. And so he had made preparations to welcome Smith . . . something in the way of a farewell party, he thought to himself with a chuckle! The snakes . . . they had been the surest way out of the difficulty! Who could question the death of a man who had stumbled into a cage-full of poisonous serpents?

* * * * *

The Detective stared down at the body of the man which the Zoo attendants had dragged out of the Snake Cage. The clothing around the shoulders was torn and shredded . . . and deep in the man's throat were two tiny punctures, which were beginning to turn black! Nasty thing, thought the Detective . . . to be killed that way by the bite of a poisonous snake! He stared closer to the corpse, and then he straightened out, his pencil point tapping against the glass top of the Curator's desk.

"Anybody else around when you heard the noise from the Cage?" the Detective asked Coming.

"Nobody that I know of, Coming answered, his fingertips rubbing against the vial in his coat-pocket. "I guess we were alone here . . . just the two of us . . . and a cage-full of SNAKES!"

"Those marks are curious," the Detective said, his pencil tapping. "I remember reading something recently about snakes. Seems they very rarely will bite a man above the knee . . . certainly not as high up as the throat! And the reason is simple . . . no snake is large enough to arch its back and reach much higher than a foot-and-a-half off the ground!"

Coming gulped. He could feel his palm moist against the vial in his pocket.

"Those punctures undoubtedly contained snake venom," the Detective was saying, but Coming could no longer hear him very distinctly. "But I don't think they were administered by a snake's fangs! Perhaps YOU can tell us how they WERE administered, Master Coming . . . down at Headquarters!"



PRIVATE DETECTIVE JACK WILKINSON DECIDES TO
TO ESCAPE FROM THE TURMOIL OF HIS OFFICE
AND HOME BY TAKING HIS WIFE TO A SMALL
FAMILY HOTEL IN WHICH HE IS CERTAIN HE CAN-
NOT BE REACHED! BUT HE WALKS HEAD-ON INTO
TROUBLE WHEN HE ENTERS ROOM 404, WHICH
CONTAINS....

THE CORPSE NOBODY KNEW



THE LOBBY OF THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

HERE'S THE KEY,
SIR...ROOM 404!
I'LL HAVE A BELL-
BOY...

DON'T NEED ONE,... THANKS
JUST THE SAME! ME AND THE
WIFE'LL JUST SHUT UP TO THE
ROOM BY OURSELVES! NO OTHER
...NO FUSS!



MADE IT! A PHONEY NAME
AT THE DESK... NOW THE
OFFICE'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO FIND ME!

YOU JUST STRETCH
OUT ON THE BED, JACK.
WHILE I HAVE A COUPLE
OF DRESSER IN THE
CLOSET....





EASER SAID THAT SOME? HE'S NOT AROUND. SAID HE HAD TO LEAVE RATHER SUDDENLY... OUT-OF-TOWN TRIP. BE BACK IN A DAY-OR-SO? BEEN ACTING RATHER FUNNY LATELY... FOLLOW ME!



JUST A HUNCH OF MINE... THING MAYBE HE STARTED OUT TO COMMIT A LITTLE IMMORAL LASCIVIOUS HERE IN THE HOTEL VAULT... AND THOSE WENT WRONG!



THE PLACE IT'S BEEN TURNED UP-SIDE-DOWN!

YEP! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE PLACE HAS BEEN NOBBED... BY SOME OTHER THAN PAUL WINSLOW... THE MANAGER OF THE MAJESTIC HOTEL?



NOW WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL THE POLICE! LUCKY THING I HAPPENED TO LEARN THAT WINSLOW WAS PLANNING TO LEAVE TOWN... EVEN KNOWING WHICH PLANE HE PLANS TO TAKE? THE SGP'LL LOVE ME FOR IT!

THE COMMISSIONER MAY EVEN *KISS* YOU!



POLICE? THIS IS BILL RIEKER... DETE-RE-RE OVER AT THE MAJESTIC? ABOUT THAT UNIDENTIFIED MURDER VICTIM... HERE'S A CLUE! PAUL WINSLOW, MANAGER OF THE HOTEL, PLANNED TO TAKE THE TWO-THIRTY PLANE THIS AFTERNOON TO CHICAGO! RATHER SUDDENLY, TOO?



THE PORDERIOUS MACHINERY WHICH DEALS WITH LAW AND ORDER BEGAN TO FUNCTION IMMEDIATELY...

CALLING SQUADARS EIGHT TO THIRTEEN EIGHT TO THIRTEEN? VISIT ALL THE AIRLINE OFFICES IN TOWN? GET INFO ON A PAUL WINSLOW... SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEFT BY PLANE AT TWO-THIRTY! URGENT!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, UP IN ROOM 808...

I HOPE JACK GETS BACK SOON. I DON'T LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE LIKE THIS! AWFULLY BORED HERE... I'D BETTER OPEN THE WINDOW...





JACK DOESN'T WANT ME TO STRAY OUT OF THE ROOM...SO I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT! UNFORTUNATELY THIS WINDOW IS BRUT SOLID!



NO WONDER I COULDN'T BRUSH THE WINDOW. SOMEONE JAMMED PIECES OF PAPER INTO THE FRAME! 3-DAY...MAYBE *JACK* WILL GIVE SOME CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF THE GUY THERE ON THE FLOOR!



W-WHAT...IT'S A RECEIPT FROM THE STREET-WALKER CAMERA COMPANY! FOR ONE OF THOSE PHOTOS THEIR CAMERAMEN TAKE ALL OVER THE CITY...YOU BRING IN THE RECEIPT AND THEY DEVELOP THE PICTURE WHICH CORRESPONDS TO THE NUMBER ON THE RECEIPT THEY HAND YOU!



HERE COMES JACK...WITH SOMEONE WHO LOOKS LIKE A GUY I'LL SASHAY DOWN TO THAT PHOTO OUTFIT...GET THE PICTURE DEVELOPED! *JACK* MAY TELL US WHO THE VICTIM IS!



FIVE BLOCKS AWAY, FIVE MINUTES LATER...

IT'D LIKE TO HAVE THIS DEVELOPED...

YOU BET, MA'AM...HAVE IT READY IN A JIFFY! JUST BRAB A SEAT...IT WON'T TAKE LONG!



HERE IT IS! LADY, ALL DEVELOPED AND PRINTED! AND IT'S A BEAUTY...CLEAR AS CRYSTAL! LOOKY THE CAMERA THAT TOOK IT HAD BEEN TURNED IN FOR THE DAY...OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD TO WAIT FOR A WHILE!

Y-YES...I JUST HAND IT OVER!



NO DUB! I KNOW...BUT MAYBE IT'LL HELP JACK ON THE POLICE FIND OUT WHO THAT IS THERE ON THE FLOOR! *JACK* MAY BE THE CLUE THAT SMASHED THE CASE!

WHILE BACK AT THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

SECURED EVERY INCH OF THE ROOM, WENT OVER THE BODY AND CLOTHING WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB. NOT A CLUE AS TO WHO IT IS! AND THE BODY'S BEEN SO BADLY BATTERED...PROBABLY THE GUY'S OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM!



EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN HALL. I DON'T LIKE TO BUIT IN ON THE POLICE...BUT MAYBE *JOSE* WILL HELP! SINCE THE SAFE WAS ROBBED, AND ONLY WINSLOW KNOW THE COMBINATION. THIS MAN MAY HAVE BEEN KILLED BECAUSE HE SAID WINSLOW IN THE ACT OF ROBBERY!



GUY'S HALL...HERE'S THAT INFO ON THE AIRPLANE! YOU WANTED? JUST CAME INTO THE NEAREST STATION HOUSE OVER THE TICKET!

NEVER MIND THE LONG STORY...WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN?



HE DROVE INTO THE TRANS-NATION AIRFIELD AT 2:30-3P SO...BOUGHT A TICKET ON THE 2:35 PLANE TO CHICAGO, REGISTERED AS PAUL WINSLOW OF THIS CITY! NO CHECK YET AS TO WHETHER HE ACTUALLY GOT ON THE PLANE!

HMM...



I GUESS YOU ALL OVERHEARD THAT DELICATE STAGE-WHISPER OF MY ASSISTANT'S? IT WAS SO-SECRET IN HERE YOU COULD HEAR AN EGG-DROP! IF WINSLOW IS ON THAT PLANE, HE'LL BE Picked UP AS SOON AS IT LANDS! UNTIL THEN...WE'LL JUST WAIT!



SEEMS LIKE AN OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE TO ME, CAPTAIN...EVEN THOUGH NO ONE'S ASKING MY OPINION!

MAY BE...MAY BE...



W-WHAT IS THIS A *MURDER*?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MY FINE FEATHER-BRAINED FRIEND? AND WHAT IS THAT YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR HAND?





IN THE DENSE FORESTS OF EASTERN EUROPE, THERE GROWS A WILD PLANT CALLED WOLFS-BANE. LEGEND HAS IT THAT ANY HUMAN WHO COMES IN CONTACT WITH ITS THORNS WILL BECOME A WEREWOLF, AND SUFFER THE...

CURSE OF THE FULL MOON!



THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON. THE BUILDINGS OF GOTHAM ARE STEEPED IN A DREDDING RAIN AND A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE CITY, FORMING DENSE PATTERNS IN THE NIGHT.



BETWEEN LIGHTNING FLASHES, A FIGURE RUNS THE LENGTH OF A STREET... DARTS TO THE DOORWAY OF A BUILDING AND FRANTICALLY HANGERS ON THE DOORING WAITS NERVOUSLY... NERVOUSLY, BECAUSE TONIGHT... IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON...





"We thought little of the event and returned to the inn after a glorious dinner we retired to the room we shared and went to bed. That was my last restful night, George. For as we awoke the next morning we found the inn a hubbub of excitement... and fear!"



WEREWOLF?
WHY, THAT'S
HORRIBLE!

NOT POSSIBLE,
MR. DOCTOR!
IT HAS HAPPENED
BEFORE! COME, I
WILL EXPLAIN...



THE WOODS SURROUNDING THE
VILLAGE ARE INFESTED WITH A
WILD PLANT CALLED **WOLFS-
BANE!** LEGEND SAYS THAT
ANYONE WHO TOUCHES IT WILL
TURN INTO A WOLF ON THE
NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.
LAST NIGHT, THE MOON
WAS FULL!



SEE... HERE, IN THIS BOOK, IS A
PICTURE OF THE PLANT OF
WHICH I SPEAK!
WE HAVE NOT
DESTROYED IT
BECAUSE NO
ONE WILL GO
NEAR IT...



MANY TIMES BEFORE
THIS HAS OCCURRED,
MR. DOCTOR... I
MR. DOCTOR, IS
SOMETHING WRONG
WITH YOUR FRIEND?
HE DOES NOT LOOK
WELL...

RIGHT?... OH, BALPH! WHY,
I... I... I SUSPECT YOUR
STORY HAS UPSET HIM!
I'M SURE HE'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!



"I CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO OUR ROOM, SECURE,
IN A TRANCE... COMPLETELY COLD GREAT BEADED
MY BODY... *Should it be? I had to know!*"

I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE... SEARCHED EVERY-
THING! I CAN'T FIND A THING TO CONNECT ME
WITH THAT GOD'S DEATH... WHAT MY TRENCH-COAT...

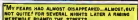
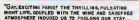


MMH... NO, NOTHING HERE TO... WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?
A REDDISH STAIN... LIKE... LIKE **BLOOD!**... AND
SHORT CURLY HAIR? GOD'S HAIR? OH, NO...



THIS... THIS MEANS
I AM A **WEREWOLF!**
I AM! I AM!





"I WROTE THE NEXT DAY TO FACE THE SHOCKING FACTS OF THE SLAMING MORNING HEADLINES..."

"YOUR WOMAN BRUTALLY SLAIN! BODY MUTILATED AS IF ATTACKED BY WILD ANIMAL!... ONE EYE MISSING... ONE EAR MISSING..."



"I QUICKLY DRESSED, AND DISPOSED OF THE BLOODY SHOE BY THROWING IT DOWN AN INCINERATOR DUCT! WHEN I RETURNED TO OUR ROOM, GEORGE, YOU WERE THERE..."

GEORGE, I WANT TO LEAVE PARIS RIGHT AWAY! WE...WE'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH!...I DON'T WANT TO STAY ANY...ANY LONGER!

WHY, RALPH? I THOUGHT YOU WERE HAVING A GOOD TIME? BUT, IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE, IT'S UP TO YOU!



"AS OUR CAR DIED TOWARD THE COAST OF FRANCE, I FOUGHT TO KEEP FROM BEING ENGALED BY THE FEAR THAT SEETHED WITHIN ME..."

HOW I KNOW I'M SURE? BUT WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN I STOP MYSELF? HOW CAN I STOP? MAYBE WHEN I'M OUT OF THIS COUNTRY...YES, MAYBE THEN I'LL BE ALL RIGHT AGAIN.



"AT LE HAVRE, WE HAD TO WAIT TILL THE FOLLOWING DAY BEFORE BOARDING A SHIP TO CROSS THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND. BUT EVEN WITH PARIS FAR BEHIND, I WAS AFRAID. LONDON WAS SMOTHERED IN FOG WHEN HE ARRIVED THAT NIGHT, AND MIST BLISTERED ON THE PARADES OF THE DARK STREETS..."

WELL, RALPH, I'VE BOOKED PASSAGE FOR US ON THE "QUEEN"! HE LEAVES FOR HOME NEXT MONTH! THAT'S NOT TOO LONG A WAIT...IS IT?

NEXT MONTH? NO...NO, GEORGE...THAT'S NOT TOO LONG!



"THE MOON'S WAY ACROSS THE SKYDOME AND THE WEEKS PASSED QUICKLY, SILENTLY...UNTIL A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE WERE TO SAIL! FOR IT WAS A NIGHT OF A FULL MOON, AND THE WEREWOLF STALKED AGAIN!"



"AND AS USUAL, THE SAME BROOKLYN FEAR COURSED THROUGH ME AS I LEARNED OF THE TERRIBLE INCIDENT THE FOLLOWING MORNING."

EARLY THIS MORNING, POLICE FOUND THE HORRIBLY TORN AND MUTILATED BODY OF ARTHUR KREEK, BELLBOY OF THE LEADER SQUARE HOTEL...



...POLICE AND SPECULATORS ON THE THEORY THAT THIS MAY BE THE WORK OF ANOTHER "WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING"! THE BELLBOY WAS STILL IN HIS WORK UNIFORM WHEN FOUND, AND ONLY HIS HAT IS MISSING! NO CLUE'S NAME...



"I DREADED WHAT I KNEW I WOULD FIND... PROOF POSITIVE AGAIN THAT I HAD KILLED!" I FOUND IT IN MY COAT POCKET... THE CRUMPLED, BLOODSTAINED BELLBOY'S HAT!



...AND THAT'S MY STORY, GEORGE? WE MAILED SEVERAL DAYS LATER AND DECIDED HERE IN NEW YORK ABOUT THREE WEEKS AGO! HOW YOU KNOW WHY I'VE COME TO YOU, GEORGE? THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON... AND I'M TERRIFIED!



YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THIS BEFORE, RALPH? BUT, IT'S NOT TOO LATE. YOU SEE, THIS IS ALL IN YOUR MIND! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO PHYSICALLY TURN INTO A WOLF! YOU MERELY *THINK* THAT!



CERTAINLY! THE BELIEF THAT PEOPLE CAN ASSUME THE APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF A WOLF IN AN INSTANT ONE! BUT, BELIEVE ME, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! TRUE, TALES OF LYCANTHROPY DOOR EVER TODAY IN Savage OR SEMI-CIVILIZED RACES, BUT IT IS NOW REGARDED AS A FORM OF INSANITY! AND IT IS CHARACTERIZED BY ABNORMAL DESIRES FOR CERTAIN FOODS INCLUDING HUMAN FLESH!



YOU... YOU'RE SAYING I'M... I'M NOT A WEREWOLF?... BUT... BUT THAT I'M... I'M INSANE??



